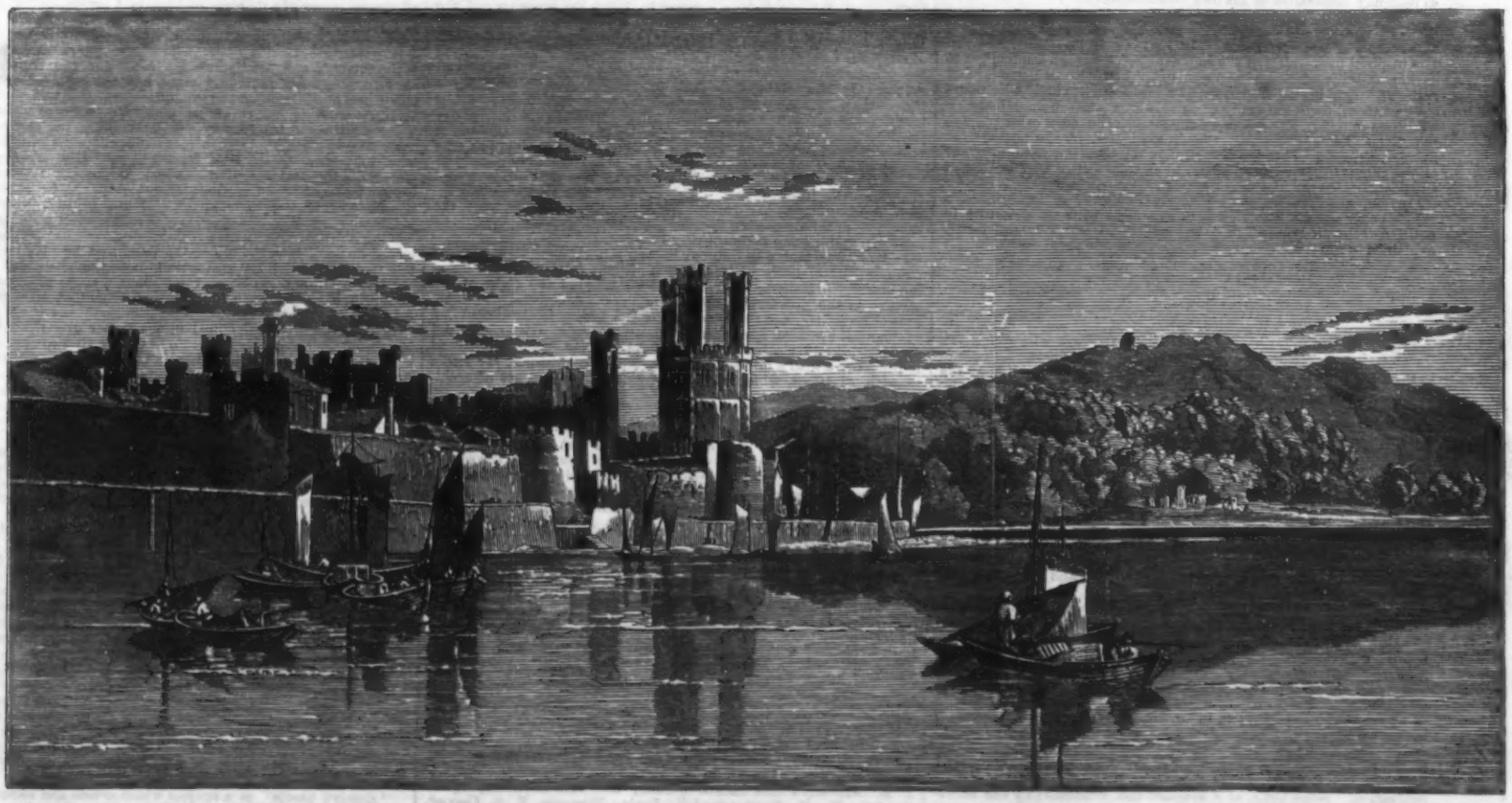
"BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES."—FROM A DESIGN BY JAMES GODWIN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The well-merited honours which attended O'Neil's picture of "Eastward Ho!" in last year's exhibition have encouraged the artist to produce a companion work—"Home Again—1858" (400). The result is not altogether successful—at least the success is not commensurate with that already gained. We are not much surprised at this. The occasions on which companion or sequel works have proved equal to first essays have been very few. "Paradise Regained" itself is not one of them. Besides, the subjects of the two pictures differ essentially in character, and especially in that particular essential, truth. "Eastward Ho!" was grand for its truth, for the sympathies it moved, for the dubious suggestions of the future in distant lands which it inspired. "Home Again" is not true. The sick and wounded soldier is sent home like a piece of live lumber, and duly draughted to the dépôt or the hospital. His return is generally unknown until after his arrival; and the crowding down of relatives and friends to greet him on landing, as here represented, is too generally a myth. And then the remaining source of interest already alluded to in the "Eastward, Ho!"—the mystery as to the future, the possibility of great emprise which was open to all, is wanting here in the "Home Again;" for in two many cases the tale of active life is already told; and broken health and penury, to be endured in obscurity, are all that remain. In a word the sentiment in "Eastward Ho!" was heroic, elevating; that in the "Home Again" is depressing. But, for all this, Mr. O'Neil's picture is not without interest; whilst in the structure of the composition, and the variety of passions depicted in it, the artist's inventive powers are displayed even more conspicuously than on the former occasion. The scene is still the side of a transport-ship, with the companion-ladder down, and below a boat crowded with people: the newly-arrived, and friends greeting them. Some of these groups individually are touchingly interesting: here is one honest fellow devouring with kisses his child; another recognising his wife; a third hearing from his daughter, who is in mourning, of the fatal stroke which has deprived the home of both of its presiding spirit; next is a bold English lad, who has risen from the ranks by his valour and good conduct, exultingly holding forth a Victoria medal to glad the eyes of an old Greenwich pensioner,—his father, we presume, who is still seated in the boat below; where is also a widowed mother, straining her careworn eyes to catch a glimpse of her only remaining solace in life—straining still in doubt whether he be amongst the living or not; and prominently in the midst, at the foot of the ladder, is our old friend, the homely-looking young woman in the striped woollen shawl, sedulously guiding the uncertain steps of her poor crippled husband, now risen to the rank of sergeant. The jolly, weather-beaten boatmen, and numberless other



"CARNARVON CASTLE, NORTH WALES."—A PAINTING BY EDWARD RICHARDSON.—IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—PURCHASED BY HER MAJESTY.

personages, crowded together in this busy group, are full of character and purpose—admirable studies in themselves, and wrought out with a masterly hand. The scene itself is well "set," the distant glimpse of Gravesend pier happily suggesting the locality and the occasion intended to be represented.

Another companion effort is that of "Not Guilty" (557), by Solomon, following on "Waiting for the Verdict," exhibited in 1857. And here again the second act is one which must take second rank, in respect of intrinsic interest, to the first. The hero for whom our sympathies were so strenuously enlisted in 1857 turns out a commonplace fellow enough, with a cast about the expression which leaves an unpleasant impression upon the mind that he might possibly have been guilty for all the verdict, and escaped upon technical grounds, or upon the humane dictum of the Judges about "giving the benefit of a doubt," &c. Putting aside this unpleasant reflection, we must confess that the picture is a clever and a striking one. The acquitted man is seated, his wife, who has sunk to the ground at his knees, embracing him, whilst he kisses his youngest child, which is held towards him by the grandmother; the aged father is meanwhile engaged vehemently thanking the counsel who has got his son off, and mingling his thanks with protestations of his innocence, unwitting, how equally unimportant are gratitude and innocence in the eyes of that rising young barrister, who is in haste to get back into Court for a new case. In the rear is a clever group of javelin men, and a miscellaneous crowd, such as one always sees about the precincts of a Court in sessions time. Those who wish it may find relief from the moving sentiments inspired by this melo-dramatic scene in a comical bit by the same artist, "Ici on Rase" (243), shewing the inside of a barber's shop in Brittany, where a strong-minded and strong-fisted woman is operating on the chin of a bristly old sailor.

J. C. Hook shows a nice feeling for rural scenery and rustic industrial life in his little picture without a name (250), but with the following lines appended:—

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

The little winding stream is making its way through a narrow roadway, between hedges, down which a cart with two rustics in it is also proceeding; on a rude wooden bridge on the right, are a woman and child, and a young boy, who is staring at the men in the cart, who stare back again. A small subject in itself, there is vigorous painting in this picture, worthy of the yeoman life of England. But the artist is even still more successful in another field of toil, more peculiarly British. What a picture of English seafaring life is that in "Luff, Boy!" (369). The old fisherman, seated in the midships of the boat, with the sheet in his hand, for the breeze is a smart one, gives the command, "Luff, boy!" to the youngster at the helm, who obeys, and intently regards every gesture of the governor. That broad-crested, massive wave in the background has not long been left astern, as they drive before the wind; and the fish in the bottom of the boat indicate a good day's "take." Then there is a great deal of smart, rough humour in "A Cornish Gift" (439)—a raw lobster, claws extended, shoved over the side of a boat to a young woman, who draws back a little alarmed; and a charming quiet sentiment in "The Skipper Ashore" (493), showing a small ship apprentice, lelling at his ease in the jollyboat, waiting for the skipper, who is ashore: the sea calm as a millpond, the air warm and hazy—all indicative of repose and *insouciance*. These are indeed pictures for the people, peculiarly applicable to our time. They are studies of the class by which our wooden walls are manned and made impregnable. Let us have more of them, Mr. Hook!

A grand impressive picture is Egg's "The Night before Naseby" (40), one worthy of history, and the stern Republican hero represented in it. Cromwell in the dead of night is on his knees in his tent, one side of which is raised, pouring out his soul in prayer to his God, in whom is the fate of battles. The face is full of fervour, almost to weakness; but his soldiers do not see it; none is there to see it; and before him is the opened Bible lying on his sword. This portion of the picture is dimly lighted up by a lamp supposed to be within the tent. Without, all is cold and dark, save the twinkling rays from a few scattered stars; and in the midst of this gloom the distant tents of the Republican army are seen. The work is one of great singleness of purpose and remarkable power, painted with a firm hand, in a congenial tone, and with congenial simplicity. Of another contribution from the same hand—we need only mention the name—being a sketch from "Madame de Maintenon and Scarron" (166).

She rejected the wealth of a fool for a man of talent.

Cope's "Cordelia receiving intelligence how her Father had been ill-treated by her Sisters" (193), will disappoint the friends of the artist. It is tame yet overstrained in feeling, overcrowded and confused in grouping, and garish in colour—in all respects far beneath the Shakspearean standard. The artist is much more happy in two little domestic subjects, "Repose" (115), a pretty group of a mother with a sleeping child in her arms, and "The Elder Sister" (446), an intelligent study of female character.

J. C. Horsley has adopted a subject which will meet with appreciation and sympathy from a numerous class who love our old literature, and venerate the home-life of our greatest poets: "Milton dictating 'Samson Agonistes'" (222), and arrived at those very lines, so painfully illustrative of his own bereavement:—

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

The inspired man—himself the source of light, though condemned to darkness—is seated before the organ, upon the keys of which one hand rests, and upon his lap are scattered a few fresh flowers, as he pours out line after line to the ready ear of his wife (Elizabeth Minshull), who, pen in hand, acts as his amanuensis. The only other person present is Thomas Elwood, the Quaker, one of the poet's most devoted friends. Through the window is seen the antique tower of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, sacred to all time as the burial-place of the poet.

Carrick, in whom we have formerly remarked great promise, is rather below the mark this year, in a maudlin little bit of sentiment entitled "Prison Solace" (26), the nature of which is sufficiently explained in the lines:—

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates,—
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.—*Althea, from Prison.*

Poor Leslie!—numbered with the dead since the opening of the Exhibition—had already, during the last few years, given unmistakable evidence of declining powers of hand and eye. There are here two works by him, which we could almost wish were absent, or not so prominently put forward—(152) "Hotspur and Lady Percy" (first part of "Henry IV.," act ii. scene 3) and (211) "Jeannie Deans and Queen Caroline," from "The Heart of Midlothian," vol. ii. chap. 21. In the former is introduced a strange conceit, which we must mention for its very singularity. The scene is where Hotspur is about departing for the wars, and, in reply to Lady Percy's inquiry, "What is it carries you away?" answers, "Why, my horse, my love; my horse!" Outside the gate in the vista is seen the horse, and a groom holding it; and on the floor of the apartment are strewed toy drums, flags, and arms, such as children play with at this very day.

Of the rising artists amongst us, Goodall stands out in honourable prominence, with his fine picture "Felice Ballarin reciting 'Tasso' to the People of Chioggia" (329). The whole canvas teems with poetry—poetry in the landscape, poetry in the numerous figures, poetry in every point of the treatment. The poet-reciter, whose action is full of graceful energy, and the motly group of listeners are placed beneath the shade of an archway or portico; in the distance the picturesque Adriatic harbour. The expression of the faces shows the intent interest in the works of their favourite poet which still survives, almost unimpaired, amongst the inhabitants of this wild, secluded spot; and extraordinary power and discrimination have been displayed in their realisation. Some listen as if amused and interested by the narrative, others as if carried away by the train of sentiment running through it; some in a purely reflective mood, others wrought up to a pitch of excitement, at which they can scarcely restrain themselves from breaking out in audible ejaculations. All the figures are admirable studies,—some are especially beautiful—the woman and child, for instance, sitting in the midst, and the boy, who looks up with wrapped feelings of curiosity, and, on the other side, the girl, whose interest is less demonstrative, but to the full as engrossing as that of any around.

"Sunday in the Backwoods" (310), by T. Faed, is a picture which will attract a large share of attention, and deservedly so. It is a work of higher purpose than any he has yet attempted, and upon a subject which will interest many of the hard-working, practical minds in this age of enterprise and adventure. It is said to have been suggested by an extract from a letter from Canada, which is quoted in the catalogue, and, making allowance for a little pictorial license in the treatment, we have no doubt faithfully represents the economy of the settler's home in the backwoods on the Sabbath. The family party consists of several persons of all ages, from youth to advanced age; and they take it by turns on a Sunday to read the Bible. There is an air of thought and solemnity in all the faces; but in the centre of the group is a pale figure, upon which a pathetic interest is at once fixed. "We are all well," says the writer of the letter, "except Jeannie, and as happy as can be, considering the country and ties we have left. Poor Jeannie is sadly changed; her only song now is 'Why left I my hame?' But for her illness, her lot ought not to be an unhappy one." The artist displays in this work his usual taste for colouring and delicate handling.

A. Rankley has a picture full of suggestive interest, under the title of "The Farewell Sermon" (271). It is late at night, in the little parlour in the vicarage; and the incumbent, a man a little under the middle age, is seated at the table reflecting upon the concluding passages of the farewell sermon which he is to deliver on the morrow to the congregation which he has preached and prayed over for many a long year. The clergyman's young wife is sitting at his side, and beside her is the infant in its cradle. Beyond, and just beneath the window, and looming coldly through the gloom, is seen the outline of the village church, surrounded by its little graveyard. Upon these objects, so full of pleasurable and painful reminiscences, the young wife has been gazing hour after hour, whilst the husband has been penning his sermon; and now she takes the occasion of his laying down his pen to point to the scene, with some remark of mixed admiration and regret appropriate to the moment. A pause ensues—a pause during which the mind of both travel quickly over the past, which they remember so well, and into the future, about which they know nothing, for—"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen" (Job). This is the moment the artist has seized for his picture; and it is one which will set many thinking how like the case is to what has been, or may be, their own.

We will not enter upon the *genre* subjects at present, further than to bestow a smile of recognition upon Hemsley's sporting group of "The Start—one, two, three, and away!" (516), which, as a subject peculiarly appropriate to the eve of the Derby, we have obtained permission to engrave. Mr. Hemsley appears to have made the boy-world his own, and in his numerous productions of the kind he has dealt with it in a way that shows that he fully enters into its philosophy. In the picture before us we have four aspiring youths about to engage in a foot-race, an old itinerant vendor of poultry—himself evidently a keen sportsman—having put down his basket in order to start them. Observe the varied phases which their excited ambition assumes. The one to the right of the lot, too eager to "get away," is held back by his shock-headed neighbour, who has taken off his thick hobnailed highlows in order to run more freely; next to him is the smallest of the lot, who, with a broad grin of expectancy, makes ready to bound off on the very word; he on the extreme left of the lot (to the right of the picture) is a cooler card than the rest: he does not waste his energies in preliminary gallops or contentions, but, fixing his eye coolly on the starter, he calmly awaits the moment when all his well-known fleetness and "pluck" may be brought advantageously into play. "May the best man win!"

We must touch upon the landscapes in our next notice.

"THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG."—BY S. READ.

THE Church of St. Lawrence, at Nuremberg, is one of the most admired of the ancient Gothic churches of Central Germany. It gives the name to the southern and most extensive side of that important, wealthy, and interesting town. Mr. S. Read has selected the interior of this venerable pile for representation, in water colours, upon a large scale, in a picture exhibited this year at the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society. This work is in every respect a most impressive and satisfactory one. The lofty proportions of the building, and its dim, religious atmosphere, as qualified by numerous painted windows, are given with an effect bordering on illusion, and admirably realising the description of the poet in the lines:—

In the Church of Sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air.
LONGFELLOW'S "Nuremberg."

The pix or tabernacle here referred to, being the repository of the sacramental wafer, is a conspicuous object in this beautiful church. It is a tapering spire of florid Gothic open-work, rising to a height of sixty-one feet, remarkable alike for the elegance of the design and the wonderful sharpness of the carved work; and so slender and graceful is the structure, that where it nearly reaches to the roof of the church, it bends over, after the manner of a tender plant which had been checked in its upward growth. Above the ciborium the principal events of the Passion are represented in relief:—Christ taking leave of his Mother, the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, Christ before Caiaphas, the Crowning with Thorns, the Scourging, the Crucifixion; and crowning all, in round sculpture, the Resurrection. The whole of this structure is supported, according to the quaint caprice of mediæval times, upon the shoulders of three kneeling figures, being those of Adam Krafft, the sculptor, and his two apprentices. It cost them five years of unremitting labour, and was finished in the year 1500. The splendid painted-glass windows in this church are the gift of the patrician families of Nuremberg. The finest of all, that on the right of the picture, is the Volkammen window, and for the depth and brightness of its colour, and the excellence of the design, is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of glass-painting in existence. All these varied and elaborate details of art-skill Mr. Read has realised in his picture with a minuteness and precision of drawing, yet with a breadth of effect, which fulfil the highest requirements of architectural representation.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE-GALLERY.

The picture gallery at the Crystal Palace has undergone many changes for the better since we saw it at the opening of the season last year. Notably the light is greatly improved by the exclusion of the broad glare from the nave, and the establishment of a skylight along the roof of the compartment. The collection exhibited, also, is improved in character by weeding out many weak and trivial subjects, and adding in their place works of importance by modern artists, both foreign and native; the collection of old masters, occupying the further end of the gallery, remaining nearly in its original state. We are glad to hear that the prejudice which existed in the minds of many living artists against sending their pictures to this gallery is beginning to give way; and already many works of a high class are to be found in the collection, which formerly could only have been met with at the exhibition in Trafalgar-square, or in private galleries. Amongst the more prominent recent contributions may be named, in the English school, two by Sant—one of them, "The Minstrel," after Beattie's poem; two by Louis Haghe—one of them, "The Grand Interior of the Choir of St. Maria at Florence;" several small specimens by E. W. Cooke; the fore Lance's unrivalled fruit pieces; two charming Baxters; "The Interior of St. Jaques's Church, Antwerp," and several others, by D. Roberts; "A View on the Thames" (an early work), and two others, by Stanfield; three of T. M. Anthony's fine church scenes; and various others, by F. Goodall, W. E. Frost, Ansdell, Poole, Niemann, T. S. Cooper, Soloman, &c. Of the works of the French, Belgian, and German schools may be particularised the large historical picture, by Phillipotraux, representing the Grand Square of the Hôtel de Ville during the excitement of the French Revolution, February, 1848; a very masterly landscape, with cattle, by Troyon; a "Twilight," with extraordinary effect, by L. Belly; the sketch by Géricault for his great picture of "The Wreck of the *Medusa*;" "Christ and the Disciples at Emaus," and two others, by Van Schendel; "The Infant Christ," an exquisite work, by G. A. Müller; "Sunday Night," an interior, by Carl Hubner; and others, by De Bruycker, Robbe, Weiser, De Vigne, Schaefels, Diffenbach, Thomas, L. Kuhnen, De Haas, Roelofs, &c., &c. Thus enriched, the gallery adds materially to the ample and diversified attractions of the establishment.

"BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES."—FROM A SKETCH BY J. GODWIN.

"Buttercups and Daisies," according to the spirited and pleasing Sketch by Mr. Godwin, engraved on page 497, aptly illustrates the spring time of the year and the spring time of life. The children frolic about in the bright noontide sun, greedily gathering the homely flowers with which Nature, uncultured, spangles the bosom of the earth at this period of the year, and thinking of no care of after life. And, after all, what are there like these modest spring flowers—these innocent childish joys! In a maturer age we may meet with bouquets more choice, more costly, and with enjoyments more elevated and studied; but their fragrance and their attractions, though more pungent, have not the delicate charm which hangs about the sports and field spoils of youth. Nothing can be more expressive, more telling, than the manner in which Mr. Godwin has dealt with this little juvenile idyl. The whole picture sparkles with light, and is full of jocund motion; the very air seems loaded with the sweet smell of new-mown fields, and glad with the sound of youthful voices, which have never been heard in accents of sorrow or shame.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ON a second visit to this little gallery we first notice the large picture, by H. Tidey, of the "Feast of the Roses" (171), of which we give an engraving. The subject is one of the most luxurious and highly-wrought passages in Moore's "Lights of the Harem"—a passage which absolutely seems as if written in otto of roses:—

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the lake, serene and cool,
When day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoule;
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd from their embroidered beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And wak'd to moonlight and to play.
* * * * *
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or from those infant groups at play.
* * * * *
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other.
* * * * *
In vain the valley's smiling throng
Worship him as he moves along,
He heeds them not.
"The Light of the Harem," *Lalla Rookh.*

Mr. Tidey has entered freely and appropriately into the poetry of the situation. The cool moonlight, broken by the dull glare of a few lamps, hangs lovingly over a scene of Oriental grandeur, wherein "the lake serene" is an important feature. The garden is thronged with lazy beauties, to whom the evening air is refreshing, and who seek in vain to attract the attention of the hero of the poem who passes them by lost in meditation. This group is extremely picturesque and fanciful. There is much cleverness and spirit also in that of the two children pelting one another with flowers. The colouring of the picture is all that could be wished, and admirably suited to the situations. Another work by the same artist is of a much soberer character, being founded upon the favourite ballad of "John Anderson my Jo" (107), and an interesting couple they are:—John Anderson and his aged wife, as "hand in hand" they "totter down" the hill of life to "sleep thegither" at the foot. Particular pains have been taken with the faces, which are of miniature finish, and wear an expression admirably in keeping with the sentiment described.

Weigall's figure-studies also are very pleasing. "The Farmer's Boy" (14) is after the well-known passage in Bloomfield's poem describing the skylark just starting up from the corn-field, and caroling lustily on high, as if to "call on Giles to mark his way;" the latter bending his hat-brim over his eyes that he may scan the sky in search of the wandering bird. There are two other very clever little rustic bits by the same artist—"The Mushroom Girl" (196), and "Sly Boots" (217), apparently studied from the same little village lass, but finely discriminated in character.

J. H. Mole has several of those little domestic groups which he always treats so pleasingly. In "The Chestnut Necklace" (22) we have a woman and young girl in a landscape, the former wearing an air of thought as she contemplates the guileless happiness of the latter. "A Fisherman's Home" (198) is one of those cheerful scenes in which the artist takes especial delight, and upon which he lavishes all the resources of a delicate and brilliant pencil.

Very much in the same line, but with a higher purpose, comes W. Lee, with an interesting group—a young child kneeling at prayer before its mother, in a rustic home, the honest father looking on with reverence and satisfaction. "A Peep in the Hop-field" (148) shows some women gathering hops, and the child of one of them fast asleep on its back on the ground.

Harrison Weir has rather an elaborate study of animal life in "Leisure Hour at the Smithy" (36), including two cart horses, and a variety of pigeons, besides other miscellaneous objects, painted with his usual truth and precision. "His Woodcock Hit" (70), with the feathers flying about, is another specimen of the artist's facility in dealing with such subjects. "The Friends" (77), by M. Angelo Hayes, is another animal subject, which deserves honourable mention. It consists of a nice genteel horse, in a stable, looking down pleasantly at the stable dog, who has perched himself on the horsecloth at the top of the pail, that he may be nearer his friend. There is capital character in both the heads.

"Marie Antoinette playing the Milkmaid at the Trianon" (99), by E. Morin, is truly French in style, and somewhat after the degenerate Watteau school.

Bouvier, also, is Frenchified in his rather over-wrought Spanish groups,—"A Snug Corner" (130) Tolosa, with two dark-eyed beauties looking out coquettishly from a balcony; "Going to the Fiesta, Spanish Navarre" (141), a large circular picture; and "Al Abochecoi" (153), a group of a lady flirting a large green fan as she listens to a ditty sung to the accompaniment of the guitar by her admirer.

"Fountain in the Piazza di Venezia, Rome—Waiting for a Procession to pass along the Corso" (80), by E. A. Wehnert, is strikingly Italian in the models, in the colour, and in the handling, but with an appearance of stiffness and over-study in the attitudes and grouping.

Returning to the landscapes and architectural subjects we find several to admire, both for the interest attaching to the places represented, and the genuine artistic treatment bestowed upon them.

E. Richardson's modest but truthful picture of "Caernarvon Castle, North Wales" (12), has been honoured by being selected for purchase by her Majesty; and we are happy in being permitted to present an Engraving of it. The waters of the Menai are in a state of calm, and the clump of wooded hills which close the vista constitute in themselves a picturesque situation. The castle, whose frowning battlements overhang the water, is ever memorable as the birth place of the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II.

"The Landing-place, Isola Madre, Lago Maggiore" (37), by Charles Vacher, is a fine panoramic view of a spot interesting at the present moment as coming within the scope of the war now tardily inaugurating in Italy. "Venice in the Sixteenth Century: a Festival before the Palazzo d'Oro, Canale Grande" (221), by the same hand, is a large and full subject—the canal crowded with gondolas, the windows with people,—all full of life and excitement.

"Rosslyn Castle" is a subject which artists and excursionists are never tired of, and it has been impressively treated by John Chase

(41), in a suggestive green and grey tone, and with a correct eye to perspective. The foliage-based pillar called the Apprentice's Pillar—the tradition relating to which is embodied in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—forms a conspicuous feature in it. "The Rath Haus, Prague" (49), by T. S. Boys, shows us a stately old building, boldly and artistically set forth. "Hampton Court" (51), by J. H. D'Egville, is a beautiful view of what, with true cockney predilections, we must always consider one of the most picturesque specimens of palatial architecture in the world. In T. Lindsay's "Caban Salmon Pool, above the Nyth Rapids, Upper Wye" (55), there is a capital effect produced by a broad gleam of expiring daylight falling almost horizontally on a bend of the river. "The Greta and Tees, Yorkshire" (58), with their rocky and wooded banks, are shown by Wm. Bennett under a gentle, melting gloom. "The Tees, Yorkshire, Sunset" (65), by the same, is an agreeable companion-piece to the former. "Dorothy Vernon's Steps, Haddon Hall" (69), with the little glimpse of garden and painted window through the low door, has been hit off with an eye for the picturesque by T. H. Cromek, whose large work, "Florence, from San Miniata" (134), exhibits masterly perspective and truthful aerial gradations. Wm. Telbin's "Dovedale" (208) is a delicious bit of green—green sloping hills, reflected on the face of the silent, placid stream—refreshing to the sense, and pleasant to view and to dream of. T. L. Rowbotham, who, for cleanness of colouring and intense rendering of the bright Italian sky has few rivals, presents, in addition to several very beautiful landcapes from the sunny South, about an equal number from scenes in our native isle. Of the former class we especially commend "Maccagno Inferiore, in the Lago Maggiore" (241), "Lugano" (245), and "San Lorenzo, Coast of Genoa" (261).

WYATT'S STATUES OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT.

THE cruel fate of Wyatt's two models for equestrian statues of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, the other day ruthlessly mutilated by a supposed lunatic at the Colosseum, suggests some humiliating reflections as to the patronage of art and the prospects of artists in this country. The statues in question were produced by the artist at his own cost, and, as we all remember, were accepted and made use of to adorn the grand transept of the Great Exhibition of 1851. There they were admired daily by thousands of all classes, including Royalty itself; but, beyond this empty fame, which was confirmed by the laudatory notices in the press, Mr. Wyatt received no reward, no encouragement for his talent. No order was given for the production of these two national works in more durable materials; and, at the close of the exhibition, they were removed to the lumber-room, where they remained in ignoble obscurity until they were again called into the public service to do duty as sentinels outside a place of public amusement, where, from the character of the concourse resorting to it, they were most likely to receive damage through accident or wantonness. The rest is known through the medium of the criminal reports. So much for the encouragement of native art in this country.

The case of Mr. Wyatt, although only too strictly in keeping with that of native artists generally, presents some features of peculiar hardship. Not only have his two Royal equestrian statues been treated with undeserved neglect, but they have not brought him a single commission to soften the disappointment. There may, perhaps, be reasons for the apparently studied negation of this artist's claims which would be little creditable to those in high places whom they concern. It is well known that Mr. Wyatt assisted his father to a large extent in the production of the famous Wellington statue, a work which, in spite of the remonstrances of the artist and his friends, the authorities of the day insisted upon placing on a site utterly inappropriate for the purpose, and where, instead of commanding admiration, it only excited ridicule. The result was to bring disparagement upon the artist and all concerned in the transaction, in which Mr. Wyatt, junior, though innocent throughout, was made to bear his share; the authorities in matters of taste being too well pleased to remove any part of the odium incurred from themselves by making him their scapegoat.

We make these observations in justice to a talented and deserving artist, and we sincerely hope that the occurrence which has recently brought his name and his performances into new notoriety may lead eventually to a recognition of his merit, and some reparation for the neglect of the past.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS

SIR R. W. VAUGHAN, BART.

SIR ROBERT WILLIAMS VAUGHAN, third Baronet, of Nannau, in the county of Merioneth, was the only son of Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, the second Baronet, by his wife, Anna Maria, sister and coheir of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart., of Mostyn. He was born the 25th of June, 1803, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the demise of his father, the 22nd of April, 1842. He married, in July, 1835, Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Lloyd, Esq., of Rhagatt, in the county of Merioneth, which lady died the 16th of September, 1858. Sir Robert had no issue. He died on the 29th ultimo, and with him becomes extinct the baronetcy, which was obtained in 1791 by his grandfather, Robert Howel Vaughan, Esq., of Hengwrt and Nannau, the representative of the very ancient and important Welsh family of Vaughan, who married Anne, the only child and heiress of Edward Williames, Esq., of Ystymcollwyn, in Montgomeryshire. The Vaughans descend from Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, King of Powys in the eleventh century.

SIR HENRY MEREDYTH, BART.

SIR HENRY MEREDYTH, third Baronet, of Carlandstown, in the county of Meath, was the second son of Sir John Meredyth, the first Baronet, by his wife, Helen, daughter of William English, Esq., of Springfield, in the county of Tipperary, and was born in 1775. He was called to the bar in Ireland in 1797, and became a Queen's Counsel there the 18th of February, 1822. He was also a LL.D., and was one of the paid Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1814, on the demise (unmarried) of his eldest brother, the Rev. Sir Thomas Meredyth, the second Baronet. He married, in 1800, Editha, daughter of George Le Hunte, Esq., of Artramont, in the county of Wexford, by whom (who died in 1853) he leaves at his decease, which occurred on the 2nd inst., an only child, his successor, new Sir Henry Meredyth, the fourth Baronet, who married, in 1828, Mary Anne, only daughter of William E. M. Bayley, Esq., of Norelands, and by her (who is deceased) has an only child, Henry. This family of Meredyth springs from Sir Thomas Meredyth, Knight, second son of the Right Rev. Richard Meredyth, Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns. Sir Thomas's great-grandson, John, was the first Baronet, having been so created the 26th of July, 1795

SIR ARTHUR ASTON, G.C.B.

SIR ARTHUR INGRAM ASTON was the younger son of the late Colonel Henry Hervey Aston, by his wife, Harriet, daughter and coheir of Charles, ninth and last Viscount Irvine, and was great-grandson of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Henry Hervey, who was the fifth son of John, first Earl of Bristol, and who, on his marriage with Catherine, sister and heiress of Sir Thomas Aston, Bart., of Aston Hall, Cheshire, assumed the name of Aston. Arthur Ingram Aston was born in London in 1798, and received the degree of M.A. from the University of Oxford in 1817. In April, 1819, he became attached to the Embassy at Vienna, and was made Secretary of Legation at Rio de Janeiro in April, 1826. Nearly seven years afterwards, in January, 1833, he was appointed Secretary of the Embassy at Paris, and was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid from February, 1840, to November, 1843. He received the Order of the Bath on returning to England. He inherited the family estate of Aston Hall, and became the representative of the Astons in 1839, on the demise, unmarried, of his nephew, Arthur Wellington Aston, Lieutenant 1st Life Guards, the only son of his elder brother, the late Charles Hervey Aston, Esq. Sir Arthur Aston died recently at his seat, Aston Hall: he was never married.

DEATH OF SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY.—Intelligence has been received from Bombay of the death of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, on the 14th of April, at the age of seventy-six. He was at the head of the native mercantile body of India, and was created a baronet by the British Government a few years back. He was also presented with the freedom of the city of London. His donations to public objects during his successful mercantile career amounted to about £300,000, and he has bequeathed a large fortune to his family. A Portrait of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy was given in No. 823 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for December 6, 1856.

OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

THE BOULEVARD DE SEBASTOPOL, PARIS.

THE Boulevard de Sebastopol, which forms a part of the Coloured Supplement accompanying the present Number, has been ably drawn by Mr. R. P. Leitch, and presents the reader with a correct and animated view of one of the most important parts of New Paris. The name of Boulevard (applied to the present street from its long application to some of the finest promenades in Paris) might be calculated to mislead, it should be borne in mind, therefore, that this Boulevard is of quite recent creation, and must not be confounded with its more venerable confrères which stretch from the Bastille to the Madeleine, and which owed their origin to earthworks thrown up in the sixteenth century to guard against the invasions of the English. But a change has come over the destination of these same Boulevards, at that time constructed to repulse the Britons, but now serving as one of the greatest attractions to the sons of Albion on a visit to France.

The Boulevard de Sebastopol commences at the Strasbourg Railway station, which terminates the perspective of our Picture, and will eventually extend to the Barrière d'Enfer, running from north to south a distance of upwards of three miles, and traversing at right angles the older Boulevards. Our artist has represented the portion already completed, which extends from the *chemin de fer* to the river Seine, on the bank of which the viewer of the Picture must suppose himself to be standing.

To open up such a magnificent way, which, when fully terminated, will far surpass any similar road in Europe, it has been necessary to break through and improve many quarters which had previously been remarkable only for their degraded moral and architectural state. In the course of these wholesale demolitions many curiosities have been brought to light; and among other neglected or almost forgotten objects of interest may be mentioned the Tour St. Jacques, which ornaments the right-hand corner of our Engraving. This fine old tower, formerly belonging to the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which owed its name to the immediate neighbourhood of a meat-market, had for a long time been surrounded by a number of houses of the worst description, the resort of the dregs of the Parisian population. In the place of these hovels we have now light, and air, and space, and a beautiful architectural remain, surrounded by a garden *à l'Anglaise*, so English, indeed, that the Parisians give it the name of a square (pronounced *skwarr*).

On the left-hand side—the point from which Mr. Leitch's View is taken—is perceived one of the sphinxes forming part of the decoration of the fountain surrounding the column erected on the Place du Châtelet in commemoration of Napoleon Bonaparte's victories in Egypt, and which is immediately in front of the Chamber of Notaries. This Place has recently been converted into a fine promenade, planted with trees of mature growth, brought from the Wood of Vincennes. Like most other places of resort in Paris, it is well supplied with seats, in all directions, for the accommodation of those who may feel inclined to repose themselves.

The long perspective shown in our picture is terminated by the elegant station of the Strasbourg Railway, by which our gracious Queen arrived in Paris in 1855, and her passage through Paris on her way to St. Cloud commenced in the Boulevard depicted by our artist. In our last week's Number we gave a View of another portion of this Boulevard, which will shortly communicate with that shown in our present Coloured Illustration. There remain only a few houses to be demolished in front of the Palace of Justice to open up this communication, which is to be effected with promptitude, and simultaneously with the completion of the new bridge now in course of construction in the line of the Boulevard.

But the great wonder of this immense road is not confined to its surface. Underground there are sewer works of such a vast nature that the courageous visitor struck with admiration at their extent, and is agreeably disappointed on finding that one encounters nothing repulsive in making a descent within their precincts. From the Strasbourg station down to the Seine is one continuous sewerage communication, running under the Boulevard itself, which has not unfrequently formed a promenade of interest to scientific men on account of the important engineering triumph of which it is an evidence.

Our Artist has enlivened his Sketch of the Boulevard de Sebastopol by representing it at the moment of the passage of a *voiture de la cour*, arriving from the Tuileries by the quays, and directed towards the railway station; the escort is composed of a detachment of the *cuirassiers de la garde*.

The Emperor Napoleon III. has certainly added greatly to the material glories of his rule by the embellishments which he has originated and carried out with regard to numerous public edifices. The completion of the Louvre was in itself enough to render illustrious an entire reign, and to carry his name to posterity as a benefactor to his country; the restoration of the Cathedral of Notre Dame was also a pious and a reverential act; the work of reconstruction and solidification of the numerous quays was likewise very necessary to the safety and cleanliness of the city; but the importance of the construction of new buildings and the restoration of venerable edifices sink into comparative insignificance when we contemplate the immense advantages likely to arise from those numerous, magnificent, and direct communications, devised and executed by the present Emperor, which ensure health, and air, and light, and free intercourse to the inhabitants, and which cannot fail to obtain for Napoleon III. from after generations the meed of admiration and popular gratitude.

"CHILDREN NUT-GATHERING." BY R. J. COBBETT.

IN this picture, which we have great satisfaction in reproducing in colours, Mr. Cobbett has concentrated all the charms of rustic character and rural scenery, all the attractions of harmonious colouring, of which he has on many occasions shown himself so appreciatingly cognizant. The scene is thoroughly English—the children are thoroughly English—English in their pretty faces, so happy and guileless in expression—English in the easy négligé of their attire. She in the centre is a beautiful blonde, with soft flaxen hair, which, we are happy to think, has been done justice to in the engraving and printing. There is real action in her figure, as well as in that of the younger girl to the left; the other two, too short to cater for themselves, are not devoid of interest in the proceedings of the day, and seem agreeably to complete the little group. But what above all things we see to commend in this production is the happy combination of colour displayed in it; the skilful arrangement of secondary and broken tints in the greater portion of the costumes, judiciously set off by some portions of scarlet and blue, the whole being heightened in effect by the white jacket in the centre. The textural truth, displayed more particularly in the apparel of the elder girl, will be at once acknowledged as a triumph of technical skill. A pleasing sentiment pervades the whole picture, speaking of health, content, and hopefulness, which are the beauty of youth.

THE REVOLUTION IN TUSCANY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FLORENCE, May 3.

I CONTINUE my narrative of our bloodless revolution from the point at which I left off in my last.

The principal and, indeed, the sole, object of the Assembly was to present a petition to the Grand Duke to counsel him at once either to declare for Piedmont or abdicate. To confess the truth, the position of the Grand Duke was far from being easy. To decide against Austria, after the events of 1848, would have been to perjure himself in the eyes of Europe, and (a consideration no less important) to insure the confiscation of his enormous possessions in Bohemia. To decide against Piedmont, on the other hand, was, in the present state of affairs, equivalent to forfeiting his right as an Italian Sovereign. The Florentines (who are not for nothing the descendants of the fellow-citizens of the great Macchiavelli) themselves offered him a means of escape from so uncomfortable a predicament. They proposed that he should resign in favour of his eldest son (the Prince Ferdinand) who should join, on his own responsibility, the Italian League, and so screen his father from the resentment of the Austrian ruler. For this purpose a deputation of the principal native inhabitants of Florence attended on the Grand Duke at his residence in the Palazzo Pitti on Tuesday afternoon, urging the necessity of a speedy reply. In the course of a short half-hour the reply arrived. It stated that his Imperial and Royal Highness Leopold II. would graciously take into consideration the position of his peace-loving Florentines (with other such terms); that he was fully aware of the excellent motives which prompted the address; and, in fine, that he would not fail to do that which was becoming his dignity and their interests. With this unsatisfactory answer the populace in the Piazza Maria Antonia quietly dispersed.

In the meanwhile large crowds were moving in the direction of the Porta San Gallo, where there is a triumphal arch and an inclosure with trees. News had spread that the troops were fraternising with the people; that they had sworn over the wine-cup that they would follow no Austrian dog (hisses here for the Austrian General, Ferrari); that if the Grand Duke chose to side with Austria, he might do so alone, and even join his master at Vienna, if he liked, and God speed him! Affairs had arrived at this point, when who should pass but the Grand Duke himself, accompanied by his two sons. The Florentines are naturally a polite race, and almost every head was uncovered; even some cheers were heard for the Prince Carlo, in recognition of his liberal opinions and the efforts he was supposed to have made to join the League of Liberty. No sooner, however, had the carriage passed than cries of "Italia! Italia!" "Viva l'Independenza!" smothered the rumbling of the carriage-wheels; hats were thrown into the air; bottles broken—wine spilt and drunk; and some of the heartiest cheers sent up which have probably been heard in this part of the world since the memorable year of our Lord 1848.

We now approach the denoument. The bivouac at the Gate of San Gallo decided the fate of Leopold II. The revolution of Wednesday, April 27th, owed its success to the fraternisation of soldiers and citizens on the Tuesday evening. Few, we should think, slept round that night. Those who did must have been roused at an early hour (as was the writer of the present article) by shouts, bells, tramp of feet, and the far-off murmur of a rising people. The revolution had commenced.

Fearful words, these, when citizens and soldiers are drawn up in equal force, and the turning of a feather in the scale to decide the fate of each. But such was far from being the case on the present occasion. The poor old Duke—his proud Neapolitan wife, his five children, the eldest, twenty-two or twenty-three years, the youngest a child in arms—had not a friend in Florence. They were shortly to leave for ever the land where they had lived and been esteemed—the land which they had wronged, but not ill treated; for weakness and cowardice, rather than cruelty, were the errors of the Duke. But let them pass: in times like these, weakness and cowardice are the worst of crimes, and often bring more ruin and disaster in their train than the fiercest and most pitiless of tyrannies.

The morning of Wednesday, April 27th, broke fair and cloudless—one of these mornings which in England are the fulfilment of a summer, but which serve in Italy merely as a herald to the spring. It was one of the finest days known in Florence this year. If we dwell on such a point, we would urge that the weather had a great deal to do with what we are about to relate; that, had Wednesday been a rainy day, and the precursor of rainy days, Wednesday would, probably, not have been the day of the revolution. The people would have felt in no humour for demonstrations—a joyful crowd could not have assembled in the public square (without getting their clothes wet)—hands, instead of applauding, would have been occupied in holding up umbrellas—sweethearts and wives would have stayed in-doors—all, in fact, would have gone off dull and spiritless, and the Grand Duke on Wednesday evening might have gone comfortably to sleep in the Pitti Palace. It will be seen, therefore, that the state of the weather is, in these cases, no unimportant matter, and that the wag who said—"Revolution to take place to-morrow—weather permitting," was not so much of a wag as he imagined himself to be.

In the morning a breathless messenger arrived at the Piazza Maria Antonia, where the people were assembled in great numbers, announcing that the Grand Duke was determined to stand on the defensive, and would listen to no argument whatever in favour of his son's succession to the throne. Report furthermore hinted that instructions had been given to the garrison to put themselves on a warlike footing. This news spread like a panic through the crowd; and many, notwithstanding the fraternisation of the day before, asked themselves whether or not the soldiers would play false. At this period some two or three thousand copies of the following handbill were distributed among the crowd:—

"Tuscans!—The hour has struck. The war of Italian independence has commenced. Citizens! you are Italians, and cannot fail in these battles; and you, valiant warriors of the Tuscan discipline, you also are Italians. Your country awaits you on the battle-fields of Lombardy! The obstacles that prevent you from the fulfilment of your duties towards your country are on the point of dissolution. Be with us, and these obstacles will disappear like mist! Fraternisation of the soldiers and the people! Viva l'Italia! War to Austria! Long live Victor Emmanual, General-in-Chief of the Italian armies!"

The clock struck nine. Cheers from five thousand throats in answer to the silent exhortation of the handbill.

In the mean time messengers arrived from the Pitti Palace stating that the Grand Duke had allowed himself to be persuaded by his ministers, and was willing to compromise with the people by resigning in favour of his son. Other reports stated that the Grand Duke, with all his family, had fled for refuge to the fortress of Belvedere (in the Boboli Gardens, adjoining the Pitti Palace), and that he still counted on the devotion of his troops.

The clock struck ten. More cheers, and the arrival of further news. The military had refused to maintain their posts or listen to a single word of command, unless they were allowed to hoist the Italian colours. Flat refusal of the troops to make one step against the people.

Eleven o'clock. Procession of Republican banners on the Piazza Maria Antonia. Arrival of soldiers wearing the colours of 1848. Promenade to the sound of the "Carmagnole." Tremendous cheering.

The enthusiasm of the people had now reached the highest pitch. It would have been as difficult now to have restrained their exaltation as to have kept back advancing seas. And how otherwise inspiring and sublime than the sound of winds or waves that far-off murmur of a gathering people. The long-forgotten cry of "Viva l'Italia" resounded on every side. Men grasped each other by the hand as in momentous times; women (warm-hearted Italian women) wept with excess of emotion; and patriotism lent its beauty to many a face.

A last and decisive message was dispatched to the Pitti Palace, summoning the Grand Duke either to abdicate or leave the country for ever. The term of half an hour was awarded him for the consideration of this question. Important question for a Sovereign—to abdicate for ever his rights to a throne, or become an eternal exile from his native land.

The Grand Duke appears to have summoned up what dignity he had for this occasion. He believed still in the Divine right of Kings, and death alone could strip him of his titles. Poor old Duke! for ever running away at the least talk of danger; never capable in all his life long to do a kingly or a spirited action.

His refusal to sign the terms of the abdication was soon known to all Florence. It was reported that he would leave some time in the afternoon; that his route would be viâ Bologna, and his destination Vienna. "Heaven be his speed, and may he never show his face here again!" was the worst that was said of him. Many never so much as even thought of him. The people were too happy to be cruel.

We now approach a period of our history which resolves itself into a sort of little episode, and which cannot fail to be interesting, and we avouch it to be true. It has formed the topic of conversation in Florence for several days.

Leopold II., already prepared for departure, sat in a room of his Palace, mournful, dignified, and self-possessed (so our informant states); the Grand Duchess crying, the Heir Apparent sullen and stern (as is his wont) when Prince Carlo stepped up to the officer commanding the garrison and asked him whether the orders of the morning had been obeyed respecting he fortifications. The officer replied that, as discipline demanded, all was in due order. "Make fire upon the people!" was the abrupt command of the Prince. A polite bow from the officer (the Florentines are naturally a polite race). "The troops, your Highness, will never fire a shot against the people." "My orders are, sir, that you bombard the towns!" was the reiterated command of the now-enraged Prince. "Impossible, your Highness," was the cool reply. "Then, I suppose, we are your prisoners?" observed the Archduke with a sneer. "Oh, your Highness, merely our princely guests!" The Prince in high temper, rejoined the rest of his family. The above particulars we have verbatim from one of the officers of the garrison.

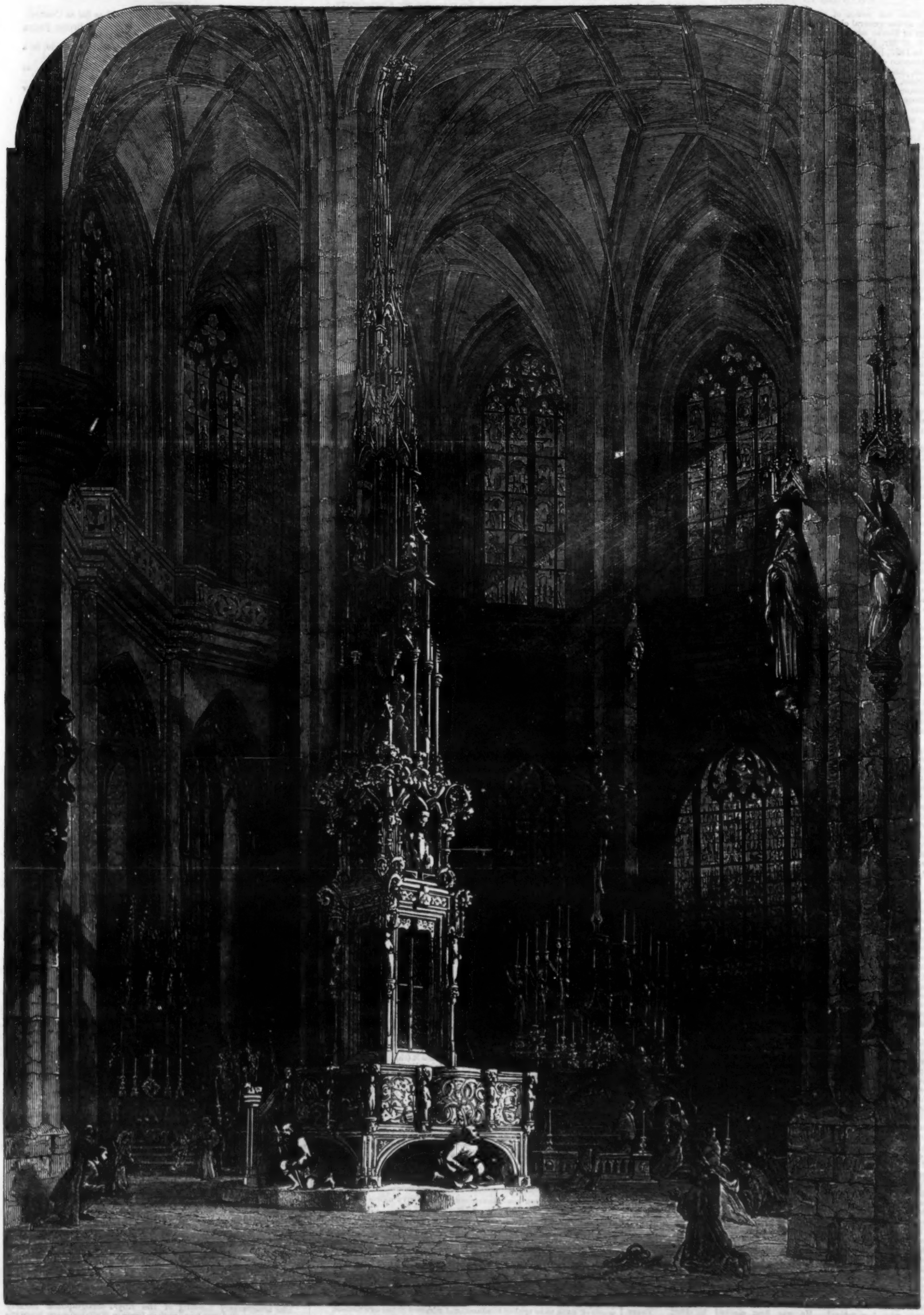
The news of this little episode of the day's history was not long in spreading through the length and breadth of the city, and many were the execrations raised in honour of the Arch-Duke Carlo. Probably he is the only member of the exiled family whom the Tuscan reality hates.

While the clocks were striking mid-day, soldiers, gendarmes, and citizens were promenading the town with the national colours. Everyone wore a cockade in his hat or coat. Red, white, and green were the only colours that could be suffered to exist.

At one o'clock the tricolor was floating from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The revolution was at an end.

"THE START—ONE, TWO, THREE, AND AWAY!"—BY W. HEMSLEY.—IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—SEE PAGE 498.

"THE FEAST OF ROSES."—PAINTED BY H. TIDEY.—IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—SEE PAGE 497.



"INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG."—PAINTED BY S. READ.—IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—SEE PAGE 496

CHANGES IN PARLIAMENT.

RESUMING our notice of alterations in the representatives of the people at the general election, we come in alphabetical order to the county of Herts, where the retirement of Sir Henry Meux, and the return of Mr. Abel Smith, who was member for the county from 1854 to 1857, leaves the Conservative interest as it was. At Honiton, the absence of Major Wortley, the late Conservative member, on service, has probably led to the election of Mr. Alexander Baillie Cochrane, formerly one of that small band of youthful members of Parliament who styled themselves Young England, and were dubbed by those who were inclined to sneer at their pretensions as the "white-waistcoat" school. Mr. Cochrane contested Bridport in 1841, unsuccessfully at first, but afterwards sat for that borough until the general election of 1852. He subsequently sat for Lanarkshire from December, 1856, to the general election in 1857, when he was defeated by Sir Edward Colebrooke. His politics were some time ago described as Conservative, but in favour of free trade, so that no doubt now he may be counted as a Derbyite. At the last general election Huddersfield preferred Mr. Ackroyd to Mr. Cobden. This time it choses Mr. Leatham, whose Liberalism is said to be more advanced than that of the late member. The vacancy at Hull, caused by Lord Ashley's flight to Cricklade, gave the Conservatives a seat by the election of Mr. Hoare. In the county of Huntingdon, notwithstanding the appearance of Lord John Russell on the hustings as the proposer of the Liberal candidate, the members are still Conservatives, Lord Robert Montagu replacing Mr. Rust. In West Kent the late Liberal members, Messrs. Whatman and Wykeham Martin, were obliged to yield to Lord Holmesdale, the youthful heir to the earldom of Amherst, and Sir Edmund Filmer, who is only a year older than his colleague. A practised election agent of Greenwich, Mr. Bristow, a solicitor of that town, contrived at the last moment to save Kidderminster for the Liberal party, beating Mr. Huddlestone, Q.C., who expected a walk over. In Kildare Mr. More O'Ferrall, an old Member of the House, but who has not sat in it for ten or twelve years, replaces Mr. O'Connor Henchy, Liberalism being the creed of both. Mr. Heard, who had represented Kinsale since 1852, has made way for Mr. Arnott, who professes the Liberal politics of his predecessor. The most decided defeat which the Liberal interest has sustained has probably been in South Lancashire; Mr. William Brown having retired, Mr. Heywood was chosen by the Free-trade party as their candidate, with Mr. Cheetham, the late member; but they were beaten by Mr. Egerton and Mr. Legh, in the Conservative interest. Launceston, true to its Conservative instincts, has replaced Mr. Josceline Percy by no less a person than Sam Slick, less known as Mr. Haliburton, late one of the Justices of Nova Scotia. Mr. M. T. Baines, having retired from public life, has been succeeded in the representation of Leeds by his brother, Mr. Edward Baines, well known as a journalist of repute in the North; the political representation remains as it was—one Liberal and one Conservative, Mr. Beecroft, the late member, having saved his seat. Mr. Harris, the Liberal member for Leicester Borough since 1857, has been succeeded by Dr. Noble, of the same politics. At Leith Mr. Miller, Liberal, replaces Mr. Moncreiff, Whig, gone to Edinburgh; Captain Anson, Liberal, replaces Viscount Sandon, of kindred politics, at Lichfield; and Colonel Dickson, said to be a Liberal, replaces Mr. De Vere in Limerick county; and the town of that name, has discarded Mr. Spaight, Conservative, who unseated Major Gavin, Liberal, on petition, in 1858, and has again chosen the latter gentleman. In South Lincolnshire Liberal Mr. Packe has ousted Conservative Mr. Wilson; Linligthgowshire deserted by the late Lord Advocate on his accession to the Bench, has returned Major Hamilton, also a Derbyite; the county of Londonderry has thrown over Mr. Greer, Liberal, and elected two new Conservative members, Messrs. Dawson and Heygate; and Louth has changed Conservative Major M'Clintock for Liberal Mr. Bellew. At Maidstone there has been a rout of the Conservatives—Mr. Lee, an old representative of the place, and Mr. Charles Buxton, who sat for Newport in the last Parliament, having been elected in the Liberal interest. There has been no change as regards politics in the members for Maldon, although Mr. Peacocke, who sat for the borough from 1854 to 1857, has replaced Mr. Bramley Moore. Sir Denham Norreys has been ruthlessly turned out of his own borough (Mallow) for which he has sat since 1826, and given way to Mr. Longfield, a Conservative. Mr. Luce, the Liberal representative of Malmesbury, has been replaced by Viscount Andover, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, who is classed as a Liberal. There was a struggle between two Conservatives for the hitherto snug borough of Midhurst, and Mr. Mitford was successful in removing Mr. Hardy, the very recently-returned member. The constituency of Newark has preferred the decided Liberalism of Mr. Hodgkinson to the Liberal Conservatism of the Earl of Lincoln. At Newcastle-under-Lyne, Mr. Christy has been exchanged for Mr. Murray, both Derbyites; while Newport (Isle of Wight) has entirely changed its political representation by substituting two Conservatives, Messrs. Kennard and Powis for Captain Mangles and Mr. Buxton. The stanch Presbyterianism of Mr. Kirk has not saved him from defeat by a Tory, Mr. Quin, at Newry. In East Norfolk, General Windham's Liberal seat has been filled by Mr. Howes, a Derbyite. At Nottingham, Mr. Mellor, leaving Yarmouth, has taken Mr. Walter's place, their politics being ostensibly the same, the new member being a rather more advanced Liberal. Mr. Fitzwilliam, not seeking a renewal of the suffrages of the electors of Peterborough, there was a hard fight between several Liberal candidates, which ended in the return of Mr. G. H. Whalley, who has contested more than once, and sat for, the borough, for a short time as the colleague of Mr. Hankey, one of the late members. At Plymouth the influence, probably, of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe enabled his son, Viscount Valletort, who happened to be stationed with his regiment of militia in the town, to eject Mr. White, whose loud voice, *prononcé* manner, and large stature, have made him a feature of the House of Commons since the general election of 1857, and has lost a vote to the Liberal party. Mr. William Wood, an independent Liberal, has been replaced at Pontefract by Mr. Overend, Q.C., a barrister on the Northern Circuit, who professes Conservatism. In the Queen's County, Ireland, Sir Charles Coote retired, and Colonel Dunne, so well known in Parliament from 1847 to 1857, has become the colleague of his namesake, Mr. Michael Dunne, but, as far as a vote goes, there is not much change, as the late member professed to be a Liberal Conservative, which Colonel Dunne is, if anything. At Rochdale Mr. Cobden walked over the course, being elected in his absence. There has been a loss to the Liberals in Roscommon, Captain Goff, a Conservative, taking the place of Mr. Grace. The Hon. J. E. Elliot, who has sat for Roxburghshire since 1837, on the Liberal side, has been succeeded by Sir W. Scott, who holds the same opinions. At Scarborough Mr. Dent has given way to the Hon. W. F. Denison, son of Lord Londesborough, who sat in the last Parliament for Beverley both being Liberals. In Shropshire North Mr. Ormsby Gore has succeeded Mr. J. W. Dodd, both Conservatives; and in Somersetshire West there has been a change without a political difference, Mr. A. A. Hood, Conservative, having been substituted for Mr. Gore Langton. For some reason, which does not clearly appear, Mr. Weguelin has lost the confidence of the electors of Southampton, and was defeated by Mr. Digby Seymour, who sat for Sunderland for a time after being elected for that borough in 1854. There will be no change as far as votes are concerned, both the late and new members being professors of Liberalism. Stafford borough was left by Viscount Ingestre for the seat in the southern division of the county of Stafford vacated by Mr. Child; and, being warmly contested, a Liberal vote was gained by the election of Mr. Salt. The Stirling Burghs elected Mr. Caird in place of Sir James Anderson, both Liberals. The last relic of the greatness of him who was the Railway King has departed, Mr. George Hudson having been beaten at Sunderland by Mr. Lindsay, late member for Tynemouth. But this is not a gain for the Liberals; for, although Mr. Hudson was a Derbyite, the place of Mr. Lindsay at Tynemouth has been filled by Mr. Taylor, a Conservative. Lord Palmerston has a new colleague at Tiverton in the Hon. George Denman, who succeeds the time-honoured representative of the borough, Mr. Heathcote, who has retired. He was first elected in 1832 There is no alteration in opinions and votes. Truro is now represented by two gentlemen of the name of Smith—viz., Mr. Augustus, the Liberal member of the election of 1857, and Mr. Montagu, the well-known Queen's Counsel of the Western Circuit, who, being a Conservative, has replaced Mr. Willyams, the late Liberal representative. Mr. H. Leatham, a Liberal, has succeeded Mr. Charlesworth, the Conservative, at Wakefield. Mr. Drax, Conservative, who represented Wareham from 1841 to 1857, has succeeded Mr. J. H. Calcraft, a Liberal. In South Warwickshire Sir Charles Mordaunt, the son of a former representative of the county, and a Conservative, replaces Mr. Bolton King, a Liberal. A seat in the county of Waterford has been lost to the Liberals, Mr. Talbot taking the place of Mr. Power, who was first elected in 1847. Mr. Devereux has ceased to be member for Wexford borough, and Mr. Redmond is the new member, both being Liberals; and in the county of Wexford Mr. George, Lord Derby's Solicitor-General for Ireland, and formerly member for the county, has beaten Mr. Hatchell, a Liberal, who defeated him in 1857. The borough of Weymouth has turned round, politically speaking, by rejecting Colonel Freestun and Mr. Campbell, its former Liberal members, and electing in their stead Conservative representatives in the persons of Lord Grey de Wilton and Mr. G. R. Brooks. At Wigan the Hon. Colonel Lindsay, son of the Earl of Crauford and Balcarras, a great local proprietor, has regained a seat which he had held from 1845 to 1857, and adds an adherent to the Conservative ranks. Mr. William Wyndham, who is stated to be a moderate Whig—whatever that means, and who has represented South Wiltshire since 1852—has been replaced by Lord Henry Thynne, a brother of the Marquis of Bath, and of course a Conservative. The Liberal party was unfortunate at Windsor, as they lost Mr. Grenfell, and Lord Derby gained Mr. G. M. Hope. At Yarmouth an entire change took place, Sir E. Lacon and Sir H. Stracey, both Conservatives, were triumphant over the Liberal candidates. In its proper place the return for the county of Cork was omitted; and it may be stated that Serjeant Deasy, the late member, and Mr. Vincent Scully, a former, representative of the county, both Liberals, were returned unopposed. It may also be added that in the King's county Mr. Hennessy, a Conservative, has been returned at the head of the poll, with Mr. P. O'Brien, one of the late members, as his colleague. Mr. Loftus Bland, who held the other seat since 1852, having been defeated, a seat has thus been lost to the Liberal party.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

I. ALLEN.—1. Having four or five years ago issued a final challenge to play a match of chess with any player in the world upon terms the most liberal to the acceptor, and publicly announced that, if such *d'ef*, after remaining open for six months, were not taken up, the challenger would hold himself exempted from the necessity of noticing any future provocations to engage in a serious contest, Mr. Staunton is certainly not bound (speaking in a chivalric sense) to lift the gauntlet of any one who throws it at his feet. 2. If you will be at the trouble to refer to the correspondence and remarks on the subject of Mr. Morphy's challenge already published in our columns, you will perceive that the English amateur raised no difficulties and dictated no terms, but, on finding it impossible, while under stringent literary engagements, to gain the time required even for the playing a long match, much less that necessary for practice beforehand, he declined to risk a large sum of other people's money upon a contest which, in all probability, he would be forced to resign long before its completion. 3. It is the opinion of all with whom we have conversed, and whose judgment is worth respect, that if Mr. Morphy had only desired "a trial of strength" with his English rival he would not have shirked the lists at Birmingham, when, at every personal inconvenience, his opponent went there by agreement to meet him; and still less (as he did not hesitate to travel to France to do battle, *without stakes*, with Messrs. Anderssen and Harrwitz) would he have declined the opportunity afforded him of measuring swords with Mr S. at that gentleman's house.

SYBILLA.—The last budget is well nigh exhausted, and we are awaiting impatiently a second supply.

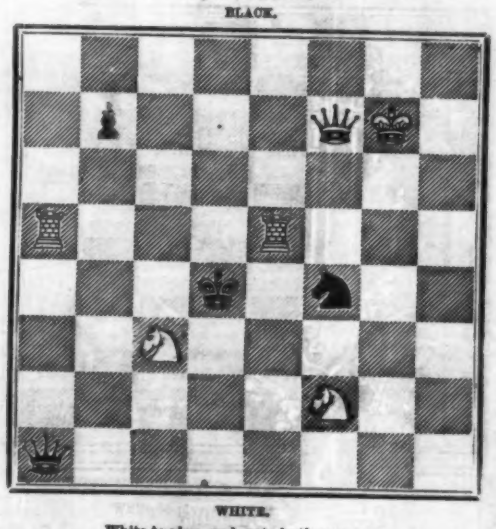
W. M. P.—The conditions of Mr. Bolton's abstruse position were not correctly given before. They should have been—" White playing first."

C. W., of Sudbury.—Thanks; it shall have attention. The "Supplement to the Handbook," a copy of which, as a subscriber to the last year's meeting of the association, you are entitled to, will, we are told, be published this summer.

PROBLEM No. 796

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game in which the American Champion gives the Q's Knight to a French Amateur, Mr. Delannoy.

(*French Opening.*)

(*Remove White's Queen's Knight.*)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. P takes Kt P (ch)	K takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. K R to K Kt (ch)	K to R sq
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	20. K B takes P	B takes Kt
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Q takes B	Q to Q B sq (ch)
5. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q Kt 3rd	22. K to Kt	Q to K 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th	23. Q to K 4th	Kt to K B 4th
7. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K R 3rd	24. B to Q B 4th	Q to Q B sq
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. B takes K B P	R takes B
9. B to Q Kt 2nd	B to Q 2nd	26. P to K 6th (dis. ch)	R to K B 3rd
10. P to K Kt 4th	Castles (Ks Rook)	27. Q takes Kt	Q to K B sq
11. P to K R 3rd	Q home	28. Q R to K B sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
12. Castles (Qs Rook)	K to R sq	29. Q takes R (ch)	B takes Q
13. B to Q B 2nd	Kt to Q Kt sq	30. R takes B	Q to K Kt 2nd
14. P takes P	B to Q B 3rd	31. R to K B 8th (ch)	R takes R
15. P to K B 5th	P takes K B P	32. B takes Q (ch)	K to Kt sq
16. P takes K B P	P takes P	33. B to K B 6th (dis. mate)	
17. P to K B 6th	P to Q 6th		

ABERDEEN CHESS MEETING AND TOURNAMENT.—The fourth and fifth matches in this tournament have now been finished, and the championship of Aberdeen has been gallantly won by Mr. John Thomson, advocate, winning, in the five matches played, fifteen games, and losing two.

FOURTH MATCHES, THE FIRST THREE EVEN GAMES CONSTITUTING WINNER:—

Winners.		Losers.	
W. Speid	2	C. S. Gordon*	0
J. Thomson	3	F. Craigmile	1

* Resigned in consequence of continued absence.

FINAL MATCH FOR CHAMPIONSHIP, FIRST FIVE GAMES:—

J. Thomson	5	W. Speid	1

This tournament has given considerable impetus to the study of chess in the North, and so much satisfaction that it is in contemplation to hold another and more general meeting next season. Already, as a fruit of it, a challenge has been received and accepted by the Bon Accord Chess Club, the youngest of the two local clubs, to play a match of two games by correspondence with the Angus Club at Dundee.

Before leaving England the Rev. Dr. Hills, the recently-appointed Bishop of British Columbia, is to be presented by his old parishioners at Great Yarmouth with plate to the value of £150, and upwards of £400, to be applied to educational purposes in the new diocese.

The visitors at the South Kensington Museum last week were—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday (free days), 4177; on Monday and Tuesday (free evenings), 5496; on the three students' days (admission to the public, 6d.), 969; one students' evening, Wednesday, 117: total 8761.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Red Sea cable has been successfully laid as far as Cossier.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Don Bruno Badan as Vice-Consul in the island of Jamaica for the Queen of Spain.

We understand that Syad Abdoollah, a native of Oude, is a candidate for the Hindustani Teachership in the University of Oxford.

The execution of the monument to George Stephenson, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is committed to Mr. Lough.

Miss Williams, of Ynyslas, has been elected churchwarden for the hamlet of Blaengwrach, in the Vale of Neath.

Mr. Woodin, polygraphist, has commenced a series of entertainments in Glasgow, and, as usual, excites great interest.

Another of the unfortunate men injured in the recent riot at Limerick has died. The immediate cause of death was hæmorrhage.

An extraordinary meeting of the Geological Society of France will take place at Lyons on the 1st of September.

It is said that a staff of photographers is about to be organised to join the French army of Italy.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* appears with a deep black border out of respect to Humboldt's memory.

The inauguration of the statue of Pothier, known as a writer on French law, took place at Orleans on Sunday with considerable pomp.

Sir George J. Turner, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, has been elected a Governor of the Charterhouse, in the place of the late Earl of Devon. The learned Governor is an old Carthusian.

The secretary of the committee appointed for the collection of the Neopolitan Exile Fund has laid before the committee a statement of the subscriptions, which amount to £350 1s. 6d., less £24 for expenses.

Professor Donaldson, after holding the office for twenty years, has resigned the hon. Secretaryship of Foreign Correspondence in connection with the Royal Institute of Architects.

Mr. Gambart has added to the French Gallery a series of forty-two drawings, by Mr. D. Maclise, R.A., illustrative of the Norman Conquest.

The Sunday-school teachers and scholars of Sheffield have selected Mr. Bell as the sculptor of the monument to be erected by them to the memory of James Montgomery.

Nearly 2000 casks of butter, each weighing one hundredweight, are imported weekly at Southampton from St. Malo, *viâ* Jersey, by the Channel Islands mail-packets.

M. Guizot has left Paris for his country seat at Val Richer, where he purposes to pass the summer. He will there complete the third volume of his memoirs.

Miss Helen Faucit (says *Galignani*) is at present in Paris; and, though she has changed her name and position, being now Mrs. Theodore Martin, looks, and we understand acts, as charmingly as ever.

The Legislative Council of Canada have taken a firm stand against death-bed bequests, enacting that no bequest will be valid if made within six months of the testator's death.

In the peninsula of St. Maur les Fosses, near Paris, some excavations have brought to light the tomb of a Celtic chief, buried with his wife, his horse, and his arms, more than twenty-five centuries ago.

The Court of General Sessions, says the *New York Tribune* opens with a bloody calendar. Eleven prisoners are to be tried for murder and four for manslaughter.

Madame Hoche, widow of the French General who made a descent on the South of Ireland at the time of the first Revolution, has just died.

According to private advices from Egypt an attempt has been made to assassinate the Pacha, and his Highness had been living on board his yacht, *Faid Gehaad*, in consequence.

Another accident has taken place on the railway from Vienna to Marbourg, by which five carriages were knocked to pieces. No mention is made of how many persons were killed or injured.

The vineyards of Savoy never presented a finer appearance at this season of the year than at present. The gardens and orchards also promise abundant crops.

Mr. Henry Drummond Woolf, private secretary to Sir Edward Lytton, is named as Government Secretary at Corfu, in succession to Sir Thomas Bowen, who is appointed Governor of the new colony of Queensland (Moreton Bay), in Australia.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards will play on Fridays in Kensington Gardens, and on Tuesdays in Hyde Park, between Rotten-row and the carriage-drive, near the refreshment-room, from four till six in the afternoon.

Workmen are actively employed in erecting the poles and wires on the house-tops, along the Kennington-road, between the Elephant and Castle, and the Horns, Kennington, forming a portion of the works contemplated by the London District Telegraph Company.

The ceremony of opening the new building for the London Royal Homœopathic Hospital, situate in Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, took place on Friday week, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen.

The *Augsburg Gazette* calls on the German ladies to give up purchasing any French articles of millinery. "We must not," it says, "let German money pass from our pockets into those of the French and enable them to make war on us."

A Paris journal says that the Pope, on receiving the Duke of Grammont a few days ago as the bearer of a letter from the Emperor Napoleon, promising him protection, his Holiness, holding up a crucifix, observed, "Behold my only support!"

At the recent fire at Brody, a town in Austrian Galicia, briefly mentioned by telegraph, 800 public buildings and private houses were destroyed. Ten persons lost their lives. It is thought that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

The German papers announce the death of the botanist, Carl Zeyther, well known in the world of science for the information he has furnished respecting the flora of the Cape of Good Hope. He died at the Cape after a short illness.

The Nottingham Town Council, after a protracted and warm discussion, have agreed to a site of land being given in the Arboretum for the purpose of placing thereon a statue of the late Feargus O'Connor. This decision has created, it is said, great dissatisfaction in the town.

We hear, says the *Perth Courier*, that the Earl of Stamford and Warrington has taken a lease of the extensive shootings belonging to the Duke of Richmond, near Kingussie, and also the mansion-house and shootings belonging to Mr. Grant of Rothiemurcus.

Mr. Disraeli has returned an unfavourable reply to the memorial of the hop planters for a remission of the duties. The collection has begun, but no distress, during the period of collection, is to be levied on defaulters, and in instances where just cause can be shown time will be granted.

The General Conference of the States of the German Zollverein is appointed to take place on the 1st of June. The chief object of the meeting is to fix the tariffs for three years, from 1860 to 1862 inclusive. It is expected that the Conference will be held at Harsburg.

The Church of Bois-le-duc, Brabant, a superb specimen of Gothic architecture, is about to be restored under the direction of two eminent architects—namely, M. Duriet and M. Zwirner. It is calculated that the work of restoration will occupy more than thirty years.

Between seventy and eighty boats have left Great Yarmouth for the purpose of prosecuting the mackerel fishery, but the catches hitherto made have been exceedingly small. About 120 boats are expected to engage in the fishing this season from Yarmouth.

The Prince Consort, whose promise to preside at the next meeting of the British Association was contingent upon his being in Scotland at the time, has now intimated that the Council may rely upon his presence; and the Aberdeen papers state that there is every prospect of a very successful meeting.

A great number of ancient silver coins in a good state of preservation have been found by the workmen employed in excavating the rock in a part of the churchyard at Dalton, Lancashire. They are mostly silver coins of Henry I. and Stephen, and some are supposed to be coins of the Abbots of Furness.

An immense quantity of rock slipped the other day into one of the principal cuttings, situate near Kirkby Stephen, of the South Durham and Lancashire Union Railway. It will probably take, says the *Durham Chronicle*, three months to remove it, although it may not extend the time for completing the line.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society will be held on the 23rd inst., at their house in Whitehall-place, when the gold medals will be awarded. Sir Roderick Murchison will deliver his farewell address as President of the Society. The usual dinner will take place in the evening, at the Freemason's Hall.

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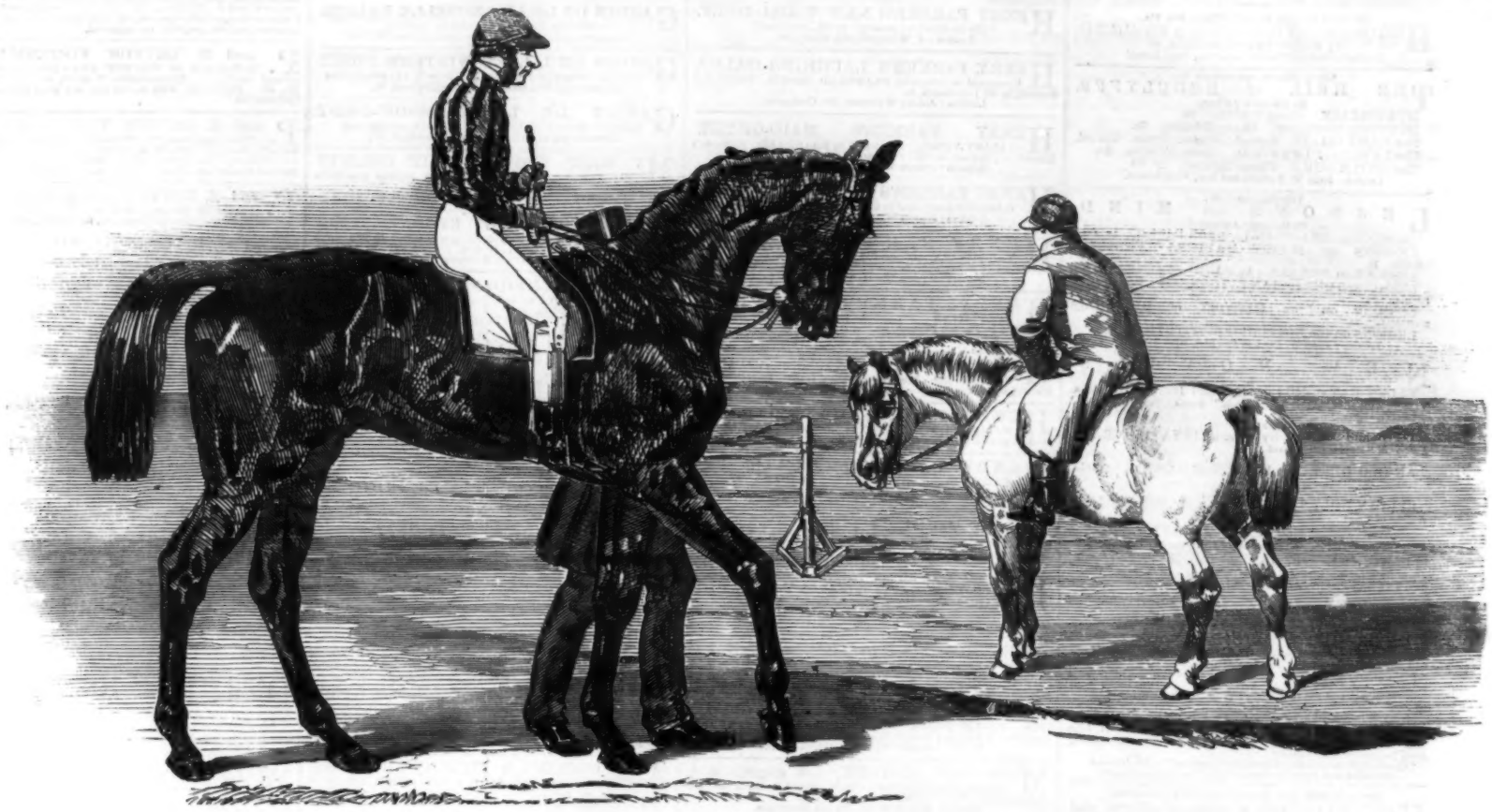


"PROMISED LAND," WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, AT NEWMARKET.—DRAWN BY B. HERRING.

PROMISED LAND, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas race on Tuesday week, is a bay colt by Lord Lonsdale's Jericho. His sire was a good racer in his day, and will long be remembered as having been taken from the stud in order to be put in training for the Ascot Cup, in which he ran second to the Flying Dutchman, and beat Lord Derby's Canezou almost out of sight. He was gradually becoming a great favourite with the public when he died, in the August of 1856, and hence Promised Land is among the last batch but one of his foals. His cross with Glee by Touchstone produced Jerry, Kent, and Dust; but it has only been fortunate, so far, with the two brothers Happy Land and Promised Land. Although we do not share that belief, there was an impression last year that Happy Land would have beaten FitzRoland for the Two Thousand to a certainty if such severe running had not been made with him, and this year Promised Land maintained the family honours by almost walking in. Still, it must be allowed that a worse field was never saddled for it. His first appearance last year was for the Findon Stakes at Goodwood, where he beat North Lincoln (5 lb ex.) very easily, along with Rainbow (5 lb ex.) and six others. He was then saved till the Newmarket Houghton, where he ran for the Criterion Stakes, and was defeated cleverly by North Lincoln. After being a very prominent favourite all the winter for both events, he is now not likely to be seen again before the Derby, for which, unless Danebury makes a strong demonstration with Trumpeter or Marionette, he is not unlikely to continue first favourite. He is much bigger than his brother Happy Land, and with a most blood-like head and forehand; but, judging from his build behind the saddle, very unlike standing the wear and tear of a Derby course. Besides being in a great match against Musjid, he is engaged in the Goodwood Derby, the Doncaster St. Leger, and the Don Stakes, &c. He is trained by Mr. William Day, at Woodyeates, near Salisbury.

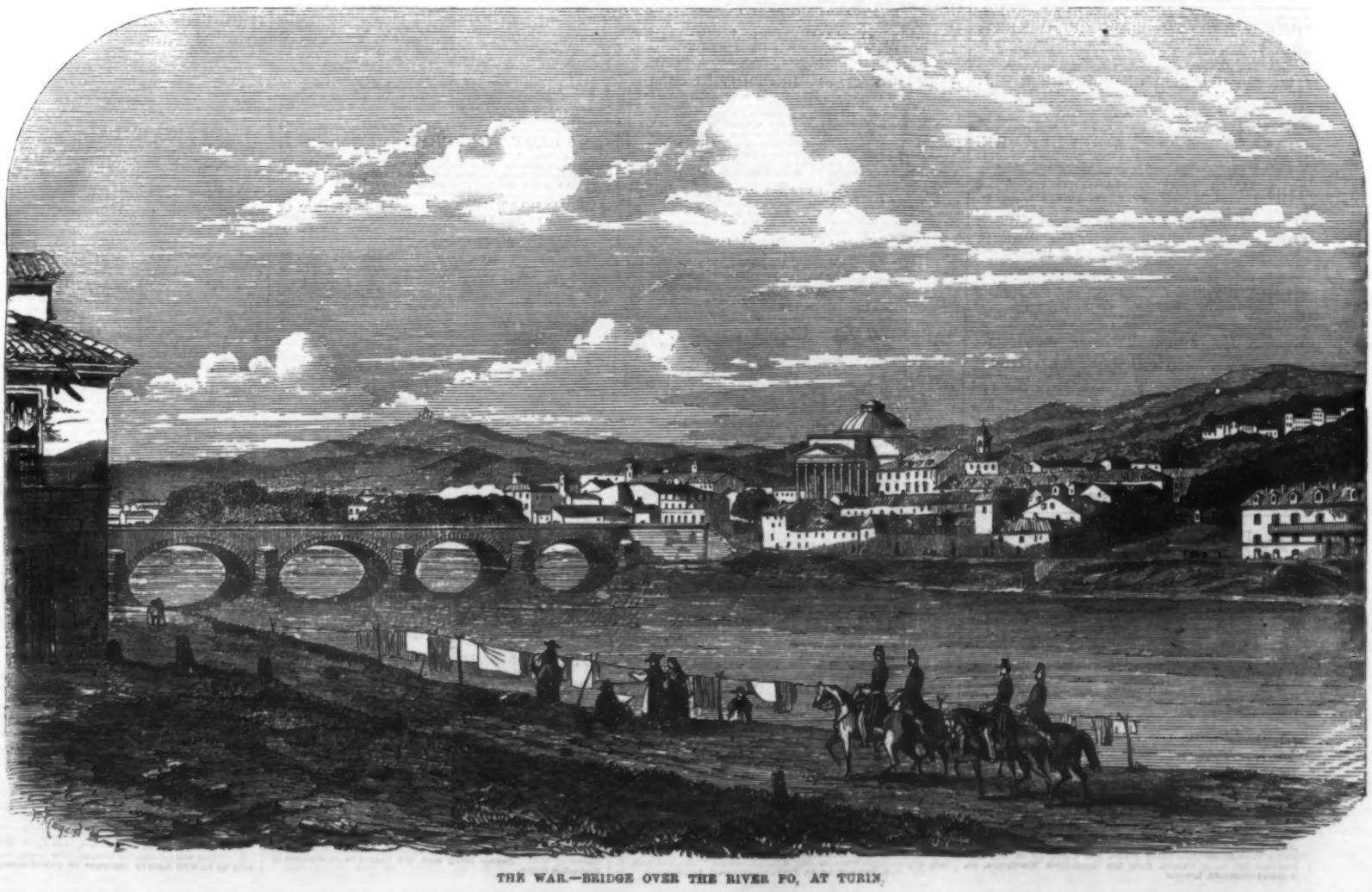
The following are some particulars of the race, which was run on Tuesday week:—

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-yr-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. The second to save his stake. R.M. (1 mile 17 yards.) 52 subs.

Mr. W. Day's The Promised Land, by Jericho, 8st. 7lb. ..	(A. Day)	1
Mr. J. H. Wyndham's Cynricus, 8st. 7lb.	(S. Rogers)	2
Baron Rothschild's Crafton, 8st. 7lb.	(J. Osborne)	3
M. J. Shelley's Sir Hercules, 8st. 7lb.	(L. Snowden)	4
Mr. J. Merry's Lord of the Manor, 8st. 7lb.	(Plumb)	0
Mr. A. Nichol's Phantom, 8st. 7lb.	Withington)	0
Mr. C. Peck's Napoleon, 8st. 7lb.	(Bumby)	0
Mr. J. Parker's Nimrod, 8st. 7lb.	(W. Day)	0
Mr. J. Lilley's Marske, 8st. 7lb.	(Flatman)	0

Betting at starting—Even agst The Promised Land; 9 to 2 agst Phantom; 7 to 1 agst Napoleon; 100 to 6 each agst Cynricus and Crafton; 30 to 1 agst Lord of the Manor; 40 to 1 agst Sir Hercules.

The race admits of little description. Promised Land soon held his opponents safe, was followed home by Cynricus, Phantom, Sir Hercules, and Crafton, to the Bushes Hill, on descending which the race was over, for Phantom and Sir Hercules dropped away beaten, and The Promised Land won literally "as he liked" by a length and a half; the second beating the third by three lengths; four lengths separating the third from the fourth; Nimrod was fifth; Napoleon and Marske were next, close together; Phantom was several lengths behind them, and Lord of the Manor was.



THE WAR.—BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER PO, AT TURIN.

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